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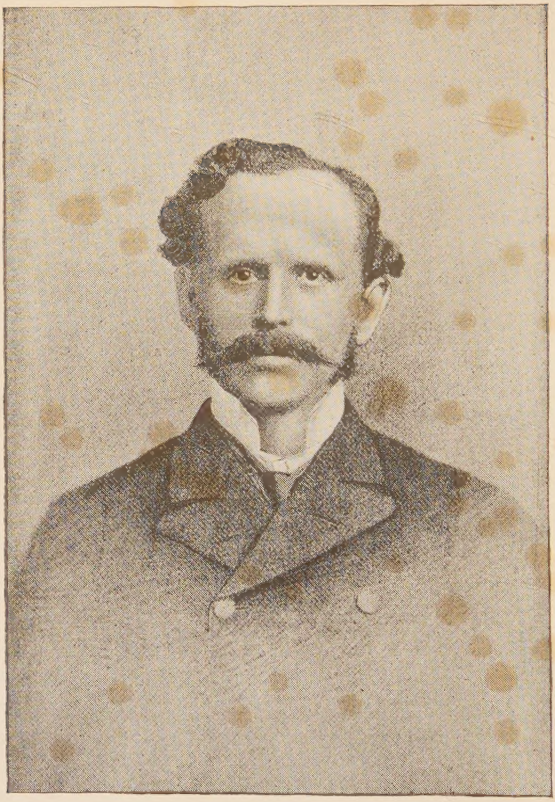

Yours very sincerely

Henry Drummond

ADDRESSES

BY

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND

F. R. S. E., F. G. S.

WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

BY

REV. W. J. DAWSON.

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A BRIEF SKETCH

OF

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND,

F. R. G. S.

BY REV. W. J. DAWSON.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, who was born in Stirling, Scotland, about forty years ago, has been a singularly fortunate man, and . . . it can scarcely be said that his fortune is . . . undeserved. He is another sample of the man who, while doing one duty faithfully, has found a higher duty prepared for him, and with it a new career. It must have been somewhere about 1884 or 1885 that I noticed in an obscure religious weekly, an article on Evolution and Degeneracy, which struck me as singularly fresh and brilliant. I knew nothing about the writer, whose name was quite obscure, and the journal in question was not such as to give any guarantee of distinction to its contributors. But the article struck quite a new note, and put truth in a way which I did not remember to have seen before. It was an attempt

to show how Darwin's great doctrines of evolution and degeneracy found an almost scientific expression in the words of Christ, and an exact counterpart in spiritual things. I have not often been guilty of plagiarism, but I annexed that article. I made a sermon out of it. If there is any comfort in the thought, or any apology for my conduct, I have the satisfaction of knowing that a good many hundreds of ministers have since used that article in the same way. I simply had precedence of them in theft. I took the paper for some weeks, in the hope that I might find more material of the same quality, but I was disappointed. I think one or two more articles appeared, and then the paper relapsed into its usual dulness, and I gave it up. When "*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*" was published, I found the article again, much expanded and greatly improved, and I found what was also a memorable and formative book.

Now this little history is instructive as to the method by which Professor Drummond has become a famous author. It has been by a sort of fortunate accident. He does not appear to have been troubled with any fiery stinging of genius, any absorbing ambition to write great books. In the ordinary course of his duties, he delivers a series of addresses to his students on the reconcilements between religion and science, and one or two of these addresses find their way into print. It is said that it was the keen and prac-

ticed eye of Dr. Marcus Dods which first discerned their great merit, and it was at his earnest solicitation they were collected and published. If this be so, Dr. Dods deserves the thanks of Christendom. The address which is known as "*The Greatest Thing in the World*" was at first a spoken utterance, and appeared in a fragmentary form in a newspaper report. I remember reading this, and being struck with the freshness of the style and the aptness of the illustrations, long before it emerged in its dainty white and gold covers to the delight of its quarter of a million of readers. There is an unsophisticated simplicity in these methods of book-making which is refreshing. Books produced in this way have obviously grown, they have not been made. They are the genuine output of the author's thought, accomplished without strain or pressure. Perhaps that has much to do with their charm. We taste a fruit which has ripened slowly and legitimately, and has not been forced. We feel the motive of the author to be pure and high. "Do the duty that lies nearest to you, and take no thought of fame," is the advice which Longfellow gives to those who would be famous. Books written with an eye to the publisher's balance-sheet seldom succeed. Books that are meant as a direct challenge to fame, usually utter their challenge to undiscerning or disdainful ears. The moment the thought of the reward of art intrudes, the spirit of art languishes. Because Professor Drummond did his work with-

out a thought of fame, he did it with a restraint and simplicity which went far to win fame. It is another illustration of the words of Christ, which have a hundred bearings outside the strict domain of the spiritual: he who seeks only the highest finds the less; he who seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness has all the other things added to him.

It is through his great success in literature that Professor Drummond has become so widely known, and it is worth while therefore to ascertain the reasons of this success. The theory that books succeed by luck, we dismiss as childish and absurd. There is more to be said in favor of the theory of the "psychological moment"—the happy conjunction of the man and the hour. Unquestionably Professor Drummond's great book was published at the right moment, when the thoughts of men were busiest on the relations of religion and science, and a voice of assurance was likely to be hailed with a peal of praise. A third theory is the Wordsworthian one, that the greater a book is, the less likely is it to sell; that, in fact, the sale of a book is always in an inverse ratio to its merit. Of course this theory is a great comfort to authors who fail. They console themselves as Landor did with the thought of posthumous fame: "I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." But the implication of this theory is twofold: first, that great books and great men are always ignored by the public; and,

second, that the rapid sale of a volume is a sign that its author is not a man of genius. No man of average knowledge and observation is likely to accept these propositions. Really good writers in our day have no cause to complain of an undiscerning public, and the public has grown too discriminating to buy books for their badness. Great writers in the nineteenth century need not "dine late." There is always a place at the board of fame for the new-comer, if he bring with him the true credentials. Indeed, the tendency is to be too generous and effusive in the welcome extended to any writer who shows real signs of genius.

The success of Professor Drummond is the result of a very happy combination of qualities. He has, in the first place, the gift of style. He is absolutely lucid, crisp, and often brilliant. He knows how to say what he wants to say. He never uses too many words for his meaning, and rarely uses the wrong word. He is always interesting, and has an admirable way of using his material to the best artistic advantage. It is this art which makes his "*Tropical Africa*" so charming a book. It is the smallest of all the great array of books on African travel, but artistically it is the best. What he has to say he says with the best possible effect, and in the most incisive manner. Yet there is no attempt at being brilliant; on the contrary, all is fresh, natural, and unforced. The style, reminds one of a perfectly sunny day, when the air is crisp and clear, and every natural object

stands out with dazzling distinctness. Because the style is so captivating to the reader, we may be sure that it has required great pains of the author. The man who writes easily is often the hardest to read. The amount of polish and finish expended on those paragraphs of Professor Drummond which charm us most, is probably far greater than any one suspects. Professor Drummond once remarked to a friend, who had written an article at the point of the editorial bayonet in a few hours, that he was astonished that such a thing could be done: he would have needed a week to produce it. But he would have produced a better article. It would have had more delicacy of phrase, a subtler handling, a keener sparkle. And the incident illustrates the literary methods of the Professor. He is not, and will never be, a prolific author. He writes slowly and with painstaking. The spring does not flow with any great force or volume. But if it is limited in quantity, the water is exquisitely clear and fresh. A fastidious elegance of phrase is his, and such an art can only be gained by long practice. But in these days of hurry it must always be a rare art, and for that reason will be highly prized.

Tall, slight, delicate in feature, alert in manner, well dressed, there is a touch of this fastidiousness in his appearance, which is no doubt a cause of stumbling to the envious and the undiscerning. One hesitates to use the word "fastidious," because it is so often confused with a very different

word—"effeminate." There is certainly no touch of effeminacy in the Professor. The great attraction which he possesses for young men is a sufficient token of this. One has only to mark the breadth of the shoulder, and remember "*Tropical Africa*," to be quite sure of the masculine qualities of its writer. And the same thing may be said of his writing. It has masculine strength as well as daintiness of touch. He has robust judgment, a keen power of observation, a wide knowledge of men. He is not a man likely to be imposed upon. The man who presumed upon his geniality to make a foolish or disrespectful speech, would soon find out that there was iron in his blood, and a contemptuous scrutiny in the clear eye which would be eminently disagreeable. Rough and careless natures always misunderstand this touch of fastidiousness in others. They regard it as a sign of weakness that a man should dress with taste. On the contrary, it is often a sign of weakness, and a proof that a man does not respect himself, when he does not do so. It is the duty of every young man to care for his person, and to be scrupulous about his appearance. A little dignity in the composition of a man is an excellent thing; it is wonderful how great a power it exerts over others—and specially the undignified. However, this is a small matter, though a characteristic one. He who said the style is the man, said a true thing. Professor Drummond gives the impression of keenness, dignity, fastidiousness; of elegance joined to

strength, of shrewdness as the counterfoil of sympathy. This is the man, and this is his style. Just as the style has captivated thousands by its happy combination of qualities, so the man has exercised a charm for years over many of the most thoughtful youths of Scotland; and in each instance the elements of conquest are the same.

But style alone cannot secure phenomenal success: we want thought and substance. Perhaps it would be too much to claim for Professor Drummond that he is an original thinker, but he certainly has the power of putting things in an original manner. He can take up a commonplace subject and invest it with freshness. "*The Greatest Thing in the World*" is an admirable example of this power, and so, in less degree, is "*Pax Vobiscum.*" The theme in each case is thread bare. No passages in the New Testament have been so constantly harped upon as St. Paul's great eulogy of love and Christ's promise of rest to the heavy-laden. The most suggestive preachers avoid them, because they seem to have had all suggestiveness trampled out of them by the insistent and commonplace homiletics of centuries. They are like coins, of pure gold, no doubt, but defaced by hard usage, till the superscription is almost lost. Professor Drummond has the happy art of restoring them to their pristine glory. He makes us feel their truth and beauty, as though we had never been conscious of it before. He does not go out of his way to be original, but he manages to write in a way

which is new and suggestive. He has no commerce with commentators, and owes nothing to them. But he has a thirst for truth, and he will be content with nothing but the truth. He has no fear of orthodoxy before his eyes. He says plainly what the passage means to him, and his one object is obviously to make his meaning as clear to us, and his teaching as real, as it is to him. In a word, he has a message. He does not write till he has something to say, and then he says it with charm and force. No doubt it is true that much of what he says has been said before. It is quite easy to point to other writers, and ask, What has Professor Drummond said that they have not said? Absolute originality is too much to expect of any man in this late age of the world; the child and the lunatic, it has been said, are the only persons who are likely to be strictly original in their remarks. But next to saying a new thing is the art of saying an old thing in a new way. Professor Drummond puts a familiar truth as it has not been put before; he gives it a new setting; he even utters commonplaces with a note of distinction, and invests them with the air of novelty.

He was the right hand of Mr. Moody in many of his great meetings in this country, and his deep interest in evangelical truth may be estimated by that fact. He is an ordained minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and is engaged Sunday after Sunday through the University session at Edinburgh in religious work among students. Dur-

ing the week-days he is to be found in the Free Church College, Glasgow, teaching science.

His theological position is the same as that of his friends Dr. Dods and Dr. Bruce, though with such differences as are personal to the man. Broadly speaking, that position is the position of the Reconciliationist. He represents the new culture in religion, and seeks to reconcile the Churches to its inevitable growth. He is the child of the age, and breathes its spirit. It is only the stupidly orthodox who nowadays rave against what they call "modern thought." They fail to realize that there is no way of cutting ourselves off from the thought of the age, except by living in some other age—which is impossible. We cannot breathe the air of yesterday, and modern thought is the intellectual air of to-day's life. In every age there is an urgency upon men, which makes them see truth in their own way, and state it after their own method. Each age has to write its own books, and thus expresses its thought in forms that are native and natural to it. This process in religion means the restatement of truth in the language of the age. The truth may be the same but its form of statement may differ, as St. John's statement of Christianity differs from that of St. Paul and St. James. The work of men like Professor Drummond is to state the old truths in such a way that the friction between vital truth and modern scholarship and culture may be diminished to the lowest possible degree. It is

practically to give a new lease to truth by making truth intelligible to the modern mind. Of course, the men who attempt this difficult task may occasionally err in judgment, and it is certain that they must be prepared for suspicion and hostility. Christ said that the Jews hated Him *because* He was a man who told them the truth. But the man who can so re-interpret vital truth that it becomes real to us, is one of the highest benefactors of the human race. There are multitudes who desire to believe, but they "will not make their judgment blind." They feel the force of the spirit of truth, but they cannot endure the letter. They are always on the lookout for a teacher who can make things clear and simple to them. Such teachers are the Reconciliationists. They stand between the warring hosts and proclaim the truce of God. They set the truth on high above the contentions of agnosticism and intellectual barbarism. They are the vanguard of the army of progress. Their watchword is that though all kingdoms are shaken, there is a Divine kingdom that remains. Their aim is to retranslate Christianity into the dialect of the day, the vernacular of current thought. In that army Professor Drummond is enrolled, and his influence has been far-reaching.

It would be an excellent thing if Professor Drummond could be persuaded to give a series of addresses to students, in every great centre where students are to be found. For the Professor has the power of utterance as well as of writing. As a

speaker, he is terse, nervous, and interesting, as might be expected. His tall form, his easy manner, his clear voice, never strained, always quiet, and yet, singularly commanding in tone, make him the *beau ideal* of a speaker to the thoughtful. I have had the pleasure of hearing him twice lately, and on each occasion he dealt with his recent travels. The first was a simple, unpremeditated address, dealing with the need for beauty in common life. His object-lesson was Japan, where the meanest household utensils are fashioned with an eye to art. The address did not last longer then ten minutes, but it was so clear and vivid, that it lives like a picture in the memory, and will not be readily forgotten. The second address was a much more important one, on modern missions. It was read, but nothing of effect was lost by this mode of delivery. There was the same exquisite lucidity which characterizes all his writings, and the quiet voice, with its clear and modulated tones, added greatly to the effect. The finest passage was a noble description of the work done in the New Hebrides. The most striking was a description of the present religious condition of Japan. The skilled phrase-maker was seen in the sentence that "Japan was just now prospecting for a religion." The thinker was felt throughout in the bold, yet cautious statements, and the closeness of the reasoning by which all was held together. Finally, the Christian student was seen in the relation of an incident which perhaps better

sums up than anything else Professor Drummond's own attitude to the religious world. When he left Japan, the native ministers gave him a message for Europe. It was brief, but pregnant: "*Send us no more doctrines: we are tired of them. Send us Christ.*" In that sentence, not merely Japan, but modern Europe expresses its deepest need.

LOVE: THE SUPREME GIFT:

The Greatest Thing in the World.

EVERY one has asked himself the great question of antiquity as of the modern world: What is the *summum bonum*—the supreme good? You have life before you. That is the burning question for you to face: What is the supreme object of desire—the supreme gift to covet? We have been accustomed to be told that the greatest thing in the religious world is faith. That has been the key-note for centuries of the evangelical religion; and we have learned to look upon that as the greatest thing in the world. Well; we are wrong. If we have been told that, we have been told wrong. I have taken

you in the chapter which I have read to-night (I Corinthians, xiii.) to Christianity at its source; and there we have read, "The greatest of these is love." It is not an oversight. Paul was speaking of faith just a moment before. He says: "If I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing." It is not an oversight; and it is not prejudice. A man is apt to recommend to others his own strong point. Love was not Paul's strong point. There is a beautiful tenderness which the observing student can detect as Paul gets old—growing and ripening all through his character; but the hand that wrote, "The greatest of these is love," when we meet it first, is stained with blood. Nor is Paul singular in singling out love as the *summum bonum*. The three masters of Christianity are agreed about it. Peter says: "Above all things have fervent love among yourselves." And John goes farther: "God is love."

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." Did you ever think what Paul meant by

that? In those days men were working their passage to heaven by keeping the Ten Commandments, and the hundred and ten other commandments which they had manufactured out of them. Christ came and said: "I will show you a more excellent way. If you do one thing, you will do these hundred and ten things, without ever thinking about it—unconsciously. If you love, you will fulfil the whole law." And you can readily see for yourselves how that comes to be. Take any of the commandments. "Thou shall have no other gods before Me." If a man love God, you will not have to tell him that. Love is the fulfilling of that law. "Take not His name in vain." He would never dream of taking His name in vain if he loved Him. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He would be too glad to have a day to meditate upon the object of his affection. Love would fulfil all *these* laws. And so, if he loved man, you would never require to tell him to honor his father and mother. He would do

that without thinking about it. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. He would never dream of it. It would be absurd to tell him not to steal. He would never steal from those he loved. He would rather they possessed the goods than that he should possess them. It would be absurd to tell him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. If he loved him it would be the last thing he would do. And you would never have to tell him not to covet what his neighbor had. He would be rejoicing in his neighbor's possessions. So you see, "love is the fulfilling of the law."

Now, Paul had learned that; and in this argument we have a most wonderful account of the *summum bonum.* We may divide it into three parts. In the beginning of this little chapter, we have *love contrasted;* in the middle of it we have *love analyzed;* and towards the end of it, we have *love defended* as the supreme gift.

Paul begins by contrasting love with other things that men in those days

thought much of. I shall not attempt to go over those things in detail. They are very obvious. He contrasts it with eloquence. How many men covet eloquence!—and what a noble gift it is—the gift of playing upon the minds and souls and wills of men—of moulding them. Paul says: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." He contrasts it with prophecy. He contrasts it with mysteries. He contrasts it with faith. He contrasts it with charity. Love is greater than faith, because the end is greater than the means. And love is greater than charity, because the whole is greater than a part.

Love is greater than faith, because the end is greater than the means. What is the use of having faith? It is to connect the soul with God. And what is the use of being connected with God? It is to become like God. For "God is love." This is to say, faith is in order to love. The end is greater than the

means. Love, therefore, obviously is greater than faith. It is greater than charity, because the whole is greater than a part. Charity is only a little bit of love, and there is a great deal of charity without love. It is a very easy thing to toss a twenty-five-cent piece to a beggar. It is a very easy thing to do that when the love is in withholding. We purchase relief from the sympathetic feelings which are aroused by the spectacle of misery, at the cost of a quarter of a dollar. It is too cheap—too cheap for us, and it is often too dear for the beggar. We must either do more for him or less. Then Paul contrasts it with sacrifice and martyrdom; and I beg the little band—shall I not say the large band?—of missionaries (and I have the honor to call some of you by this name for the first time)—shall I not say to you missionaries, Remember that though you give your bodies to be burned, and have not love, it profits nothing—nothing! You can take nothing greater to the heathen than the impress and the re-

flection of the love of God upon your own character—nothing. That is the universal language. It will take you years to speak in Chinese, or in the dialects of India, but from the day you land, that language of love—understood by all, and eloquent to every one—will be going forth from you, consciously or unconsciously, and it is the man who is the missionary, it is not his words. In the heart of Africa, among the great lakes, I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before—David Livingstone; and as you cross his footsteps in that dark Continent, you see men's faces light up as they speak of the kind Doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him; but they felt the love that beat in that great heart. They knew that it was love—that that life was laying itself down for Africa—although he spoke no word. Take into your new sphere of labor where you are laying down your life that simple charm, and your life must succeed. You can take

nothing greater. You may take every accomplishment; but if you give your body to be burned, and have not love, it will profit you and the cause of Christ nothing.

After contrasting love with these things, Paul in three verses, very short, gives us an amazing analysis of what this supreme thing is. I ask you to look at it. It is a compound thing, he tells us. It is like light. And as you have seen a natural philosopher take a beam of light and pass it through his crystal prism, and as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements, and in these words we have the spectrum of love—the analysis of love. Will you observe what these things are? Will you notice that they have common

names—that they are virtues which we hear about every day, they are things which can be practised by every man in every circumstance of life, and how by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues the supreme thing, the *summum bonum* is made up.

The spectrum of love has nine elements—nine colors—nine ingredients: Patience—"love suffereth long." Kindness—"and is kind." Generosity—"love envieth not." Humility—"love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Courtesy—love "doth not behave itself unseemly." Unselfishness—love "seeketh not her own." Good temper—love "is not easily provoked." Guilelessness—"thinketh no evil." Sincerity—"rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Patience; kindness; generosity; humility; courtesy; unselfishness; good temper; guilelessness; sincerity—these make up the supreme gift—the stature of the perfect man. We talk a great deal of peace with God. God says much about peace on earth. "Good-will

toward men." And you will observe that all these things, all these virtues and graces, are in relation to men—in relation to life—in relation to the known to-day and the near to-morrow, and not to the unknown eternity. There is no time to do more than make a passing note upon each of these ingredients.

Patience. Love passive. The normal attitude of love—love waiting to begin; not in a hurry; not petulant; not hasty; calm; composed—waiting to begin when the summons comes, but meantime wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Kindness. Love active. Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things—in merely doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that He spent a great proportion of His time simply in making people happy—in doing good turns to people. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and that is not in our keeping—God reserves

that to Himself; but what He has put in our power is the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and that is to be secured by our being kind. After we have been kind—after love, after long waiting, has gone out into action and done its beautiful work—we must then exercise the third of these graces: go back into the shade again, and say nothing about it. "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." "Love vaunteth not."

Generosity. That is love in competition with others. Whenever you have done a good turn—done a good work—you will find other men doing the same kind of work. Envy them not. Envy is a feeling of ill-will to that man who is in the same line as ourselves—a feeling of ill-will—and we hate ourselves for cherishing it. That will spring up the moment you get to your field—be it in this land or in any other land—unless you have learned generosity: to envy not. And then, after having learned that, you have to learn the further thing:

to go into the shade—to hide, and not let your right hand know what your left hand has done.

Humility. Love hiding. "Vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." And the fifth ingredient is a somewhat strange one to find in this *summum bonum.*

Courtesy—love in relation to etiquette. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Politeness has been defined as love in trifles. Courtesy has been defined as love in little things. And the secret of politeness is to love. Love *cannot* behave itself unseemly. You can take the most untutored persons and put them in society, and if they have love as a reservoir in their heart they will not behave themselves unseemly. They simply cannot do it. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because he lived to love everything—the mouse, and the daisy, and all the things, great and small, that God made; and so he could go into any society—into courts and palaces—from his little

cottage on the banks of the Ayr. We heard the other day from one of the speakers on this platform about the meaning of the word "gentleman." It means a gentle man—a man who does things gently, with love. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness. "Love seeketh not her own." Observe: Seeketh not even that which is her own. In Britain the Englishman is devoted to his rights. He likes to stand up for his rights—his rights as a man, and his rights as an Englishman. And I fancy you have the same kind of patriotism. You stand up for your rights; and every man as an individual or as a citizen feels a sense of propriety over what he calls his rights. It is the privilege of that man to give up even his rights, if necessary, for the sake of another. "Seeketh not her own." It is easy to give up things that we are not quite certain are our own; but the things that are obviously yours—that are legally yours—that you have earned perhaps by years of labor and sacrifice

of trouble or money—to give up those things which are your own, that is the hard thing. And yet the most obvious lesson of the Gospel is that there is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving. I say, *there is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving;* and half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and in serving others. And he that would be great among you, let him serve. He that would be happy, let him remember that it is more blessed—it is more happy—to give than to receive.

The next ingredient is also a remarkable one: *Good temper.* "Love is not easily provoked." Now, we are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless infirmity. We speak of it as being a mere infirmity of nature—not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character—a kind of accident—a matter of temperament, and so

on. And yet here, right in the middle of this analysis of love, Paul plants this statement; and the Bible again and again comes to that little infirmity, as we call it, and makes a great deal of it. It is not a little infirmity to smile at. The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect; and who would be almost entirely perfect, but you say they are hasty—they are touchy—they are ill-tempered. Now, there is nothing that a Christian has to take more trouble to eradicate forever from his being than ill-temper. It requires the struggle of years—perhaps of a lifetime; but it has to be done. It has to be done. It is not to be looked upon as an accident of temperament; but it is a sin—one of the blackest of all the sins. It is the symptom of an unloving nature at bottom. A want of patience,—a want of kindness,—a want of generosity,—a want of humility,—a want of courtesy,—a want of unselfishness—are all

symbolized in one flash of evil temper. It is the revelation of what is inside a man, and therefore the man who has that must have his whole nature sweetened. It is not enough to deal with the temper. You must go to the root, and sweeten the whole nature, and then temper will die away of itself. But how can a man who has not had a victory over that part of his nature have a part in God's people in this world or in the next world? How is it possible? Why: a man with a temper such as I have described would make Heaven miserable for all the people who are in it; and except such a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Christ says: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." That is to say, it is the deliberate verdict of the Lord Jesus that it is better not to live than not to love. *It is better not to live than not to love.* I shall spend no

time over the last two of these virtues. *Guilelessness.* Courtesy is love in society. Unselfishness is love denying. Good temper is love restraining. *Guilelessness* is love believing. And *Sincerity* is love learning. Guilelessness is the grace for suspicious people. "Thinketh no evil." The way to win a man is to believe in him. That is the greatest secret of the Christian worker. The way to elevate a man is to believe in him and trust him. Love "thinketh nō evil"—imputes no motive—puts the best construction on every action. What a delightful frame of mind to live in! And then love is sincere—wears no mask. "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;" rejoiceth not in *our* doctrine—in this church's doctrine, or in that church's doctrine, in this ism or that ism—but rejoiceth in the truth.

So much for this analysis of love. Now, the business of our lives is to fit these things into our character. That is the supreme thing to which we need to address ourselves; to learn love. And

life is full of opportunities for learning love. Every man and woman has a thousand of them every day. The world is not a playground ; it is a schoolroom : and its great lesson that we are always to learn is the lesson of love in all its parts.

What makes a man a good foot-ball player? Practice. What makes a man a good artist—a good sculptor—a good musician? Practice. What makes a man a good athlete? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. There is nothing capricious about religion. We do not get the soul in a different way—under different laws—from that in which we get the body. If a man does not exercise his arm, he gets no biceps muscle ; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he has no muscle in his soul—no strength of character, no robustness. Love is not a thing of emotion and gush. It is a robust, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole character and nature in its fullest development. And these things

are only to be acquired by daily and hourly practice. Do not quarrel, therefore, with your lot in life. Do not quarrel with the quality you have of life. Do not be angry that you have to go through a network of temptation—that you are haunted with it every day. That is your practice, which God appoints you. That is your practice; and it is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and sincere, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous, and guileless. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the shapeless image in you: it is growing more beautiful; and every touch is adding to its perfection. Keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and amongst difficulties and obstacles. "*Esbildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, Doch ein Character in dem Strom der Welt.*" You remember Goethe's words: "Talent develops itself in solitude; character in the stream of life." "Talent develops itself in solitude" —the talent of prayer, of faith. "Char-

acter in the stream of life." That is where you are to learn love.

How? Now, how? I might go over all the futile means of becoming like Christ. We apply ourselves to love. We strive for it. We brace our wills to get it. We make laws for ourselves. And we pray for it. These things will not bring love into our nature. Love is an effect. It is a question of cause and effect; and if you fulfil the right condition you must have the effect produced in you. Shall I tell you what the cause of love is? If you turn to the Revised Version of the Epistles of John, you will find there these words: "We love because He first loved us." "We love"—not "We love Him." That is the way the old version has it, and it is wrong. "We love because He first loved us." Look at that word "because." There is the cause of which I have spoken. "*Because* He first loved us." The effect follows that we love Him—we love all men. Our heart is slowly changed. Because He loved us, we love. Contemplate the

love of Christ, and you will love. Stand before that, and you will be changed into the same image, from tenderness to tenderness. There is no other way. You cannot love to order. You can only look at the lovely object, and fall in love with it. You cannot command yourself to do it. And so look at the great sacrifice of Christ, as He laid down His life all through life, and at His death upon the Cross of Calvary; and you must love Him. Love begets love. It is a process of induction. You put a piece of iron in the mere presence of an electrified body, and that piece of iron for a time becomes electrified. It becomes a temporary magnet in the presence of a permanent magnet, and as long as you leave the two side by side, they are both magnets. Remain side by side with Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and you too will become a permanent magnet —a permanent attractive force; and like Him you will draw all men unto you. That is the inevitable effect of love. Any man who fulfils that cause must have

that effect produced in him. Give up the idea that religion comes to us by chance or by mystery, or by caprice. It comes to us by natural law; or by supernatural law, for all law is Divine.

Edward Irving went to see a dying boy once, and when he entered the room he just put his hand on the sufferer's head, and said: "My boy, God loves you," and went away. And the boy started from his bed, and he called out to the people in the house, "God loves me! God loves me!" One word! It changed that boy. The sense that God loved him had overpowered him, melted him down, and begun the making of a new heart. And that is how the love of God melts down the unlovely heart in us, and begets in us this new creature, who is patient and humble and unselfish. And there is no other way to get it. There is no mystery about it. Oh, truth lies in that!—we love others, we love everybody, we love our enemies, because He first loved us.

Now, lastly: I have a word or two to

say about Paul's reason for singling out love as the supreme possession. Love defended or justified. It is a very remarkable reason. In a single word it is this: it lasts. It is a thing that is going to last. "Love never faileth." Then Paul begins again one of his marvellous lists of the great things of the day, and exposes them. He runs over the things that men thought were going to last—the things that men accounted great; and he shows that they are all fleeting and transitory. He says: "Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail." It was the mother's ambition for a boy in those days that he should become a prophet. For hundreds of years God had never spoken by means of any prophet, and the prophet was greater than the king. Men waited for a prophet to appear, and hung upon his lips when he did. Paul says: "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail." This book is full of prophecies. One by one they have failed; that is, having been fulfilled, their work is finished ex-

cept as evidences—as matters of interest. Their work has failed. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail"—they have nothing more to do in the world except to feed a devout man's faith.

Then Paul talks about tongues. That was another thing that was greatly coveted. "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease." As we all know, many, many centuries have passed since tongues have been known in this world. They have ceased. Take it in any sense you like. Take it in its narrowest sense. which probably was not in Paul's mind at all—languages in general. Take the words in which these chapters were written—Greek. It has gone. Take the Latin—the other great tongue of those days. It ceased long ago. Look at the Indian language. It is ceasing. The language of my own Scottish Highlands is ceasing. The most popular book in the English tongue at the present time, except the Bible, is one of Dickens' works—his "Pickwick Papers." It is written in the language of London

street life; and experts assure us that in fifty years it will be unintelligible to the average English reader. Its language is ceasing.

Then Paul goes further, and with even greater boldness he says: "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." And the wisdom of the ancients, where is it? It is already gone. A school-boy to-day knows more than Sir Isaac Newton knew. His knowledge has vanished away. You put yesterday's newspaper in the fire. Its knowledge has vanished away. You buy the old editions of the great encyclopædias for a few cents. Their knowledge has vanished away. Look how the coach has been superseded by the steam-engine. Look how electricity—look how the telephone has come in and put a hundred inventions aside. Ay, and they will have their day and then vanish away. The greatest living authority on electricity and on physics—Sir William Thomson—said in Scotland at a meeting at which I was present: "The steam-engine

is passing away." "Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." At every workshop in America you will see out in the back-yard a heap of old iron —a few wheels, and a few levers, all rusty. Twenty years ago that was the pride of the city. Men flocked in from the country to see this great invention, and now it has been superseded and has vanished away. And all the boasted science and philosophy of this day will soon be old. It is not going to last. Let us pursue it; but let us not make it the chief thing. Let us be humble with it when we get it, because it is temporary. In my time in the University of Edinburgh, the greatest figure in the faculty was Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform. Just before I left Scotland, his successor and nephew, Professor Simpson, was asked by the Librarian of the University to go to the library and pick out the books on his subject (midwifery) that were no longer needed. And his reply to the Librarian was this: "Take every book that is

more than ten years old, and put it down into the cellar." Knowledge has vanished away. Sir James Simpson was a great authority twelve years ago; men came from all parts of the earth to consult him; and the whole knowledge of that day, within this short period, is now consigned by the science of to-day to the cellar. How true are the words of Paul: "We know in part, and we prophesy in part." "We see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me anything that is going to last?

Many things Paul did not condescend to name. He did not mention money, fortune, fame; but he picked out the great things of his time, and then brushed them aside. A great many things that men denounce as sins are not sins; but they are temporary. And that is a favorite argument of Paul's. John says: "The world passeth away." That is a great charge against the world. There is a great deal in it that is delightful and beautiful; there is a great deal in it that is useful and pleasant; but it passeth away—all

that is in the world—the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. But while the world passeth away, "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." And Paul's argument is precisely that all these things are going to pass away, and therefore they are not worth the entire life and the consecration of an immortal soul. Let the immortal soul give himself to something that is immortal; and the only things that are eternal are these: "Now abideth faith, hope, love; but the greatest of these is love." You can see that the time will come when two of these things will perhaps pass away. I do not know—we know so little about the conditions of life in the other world—but it seems to me as if there will come a time when faith shall vanish into sight, and when hope shall vanish into full fruition. Then there will be one thing left, and that is love. Covet that everlasting gift—that one thing which is going to stand; that one coinage which will be current when all the other coinages of all the nations shall be returned

from the bank of eternity. Covet that, and give yourself to that. *Put things in their proportion*; and let the object of your life be for yourself to have the character defended in these words—and it is the character of Christ—borne into your character, that you may be created into the same image.

I have said this thing is eternal. Did you ever notice how John is continually associating love and faith with eternal life? I was not told when I was a Sunday-scholar that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should have everlasting life." What I was told, I remember, was that God so loved the world that if I trusted in Him, I was to have a thing called peace, or I was to have rest, or I was to have joy, or I was to have safety. But I had to find out for myself that whosoever trusteth in Him—that is, whosoever loveth Him, for trust is only the means to the end—hath everlasting life. The Gospel offers a man life. Do not offer men a thimbleful of

Gospel. Do not offer them merely joy, or merely peace, or merely rest, or merely safety; but remember how Christ came to give men a more abundant life than they had, and then you will take hold of the whole of a man—you will give him a bigger life, a fuller life-current, than the life he is living. Then our Gospel will move him, if he has laid hold of it. Instead of laying hold of a part of his nature, you lay hold of the whole of his nature. Christ becomes to him the Way, and the Truth, and the Life. Do you want to know whether you are to live to-morrow? Why do you want to live to-morrow? It is because there is some one who loves you, and whom you want to see to-morrow, and be with, and to love back. There is no other reason why we should live on than that we love and are beloved. The moment a man has no one to love him, he commits suicide. So long as a man has those who love him, and whom he loves, he will live; because to live is to love. If it be but the love of a dog, it will keep him in life;

but let that go and he has no contact in life—no reason to live. He dies by his own hand. You want to live because you love, so that love is life. "Love never faileth." Life never faileth, so long as there is love. That is the philosophy of what Paul is showing us: why love should be the supreme thing—because it is going to last. It is the eternal thing.

Now, I have finished. How many of you will join me in reading that chapter once a week for the next three months, then once a month for the following three months? I know a man who did that, and it changed his whole life. Will you do it? It is for the greatest thing in the world. Ay, you might begin by reading it every day for a week, especially the verses in the middle which describe the perfect character. "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself." Get these ingredients fitted into your life. Then everything that you do is eternal. I need not tell you that eternal life is not a thing

that we are to get when we die. It is a thing that we are living now, and that we will have a poor chance of getting when we die unless we are living it now. The life of love is an eternal life; and there is no worse fate can befall a man than to live and grow old alone, unloving and unloved. To be lost is to live in an unregenerate condition, loveless and unloved; and to be saved is to love—for God is love. So that this thing is worth doing. It is worth doing! It is worth giving time to. No man can become a saint in his sleep; and to fulfil the condition requires a certain amount of prayer and meditation and time, just as improvement in any direction, bodily or mental, requires a certain amount of preparation and time. Address yourselves to that one thing, and have this supreme thing engraven upon your character. You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. "He that loveth is born of God;" and above

all the transitory pleasures of life there stand forward those supreme moments when we have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those about us —things too trifling to speak about, but they become a part of us. I can remember them now. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made ; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that God has planned for man ; and yet I can look back, and I see standing out above all the life that has gone four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine ; and that is the thing that I get comfort from now. When I think about my past life, everything else has been transitory—has passed away. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or will ever know about—they never fail.

And let me remind you that in the book of Matthew, where the great judgment day is depicted for us in the imagery of One seated upon a throne and dividing the sheep from the goats, the

test of a man then is not "How have I believed?" but "How have I loved?" The test of religion—the final test of religion—is not religiousness, but love. I say the final test of religion at the great assizes is not religiousness, but love; not what I have done—not what I have believed—not what I have achieved—but how I have loved: according to the number of the cups of cold water we have given in the name of Christ.

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence."

THE PERFECTED LIFE:

The Greatest Need of the World.

GOD is all for quality; man is for quantity. But the immediate need of the world at this moment is not more of us, but, if I may use the expression, a better brand of us. To secure ten men of an improved type would be better than if we had ten thousand more of the average Christians distributed all over the world. There is such a thing in the evangelistic sense as winning the whole world and losing our own soul. And the first consideration is our own life—our own spiritual relations to God—our own likeness to Christ. And I am anxious, briefly, to look at the right and the wrong way of becoming like

Christ—of becoming better men: the right and the wrong way of sanctification.

One of the futile methods of sanctifying ourselves is trying; effort—struggle—agonizing. I suppose you have all tried that, and I appeal to your own life when I ask if it has not failed. Crossing the Atlantic, the *Etruria*, in which I was sailing, suddenly stopped in mid-ocean—something had suddenly broken down. There were a thousand people on board that ship. Do you think we could have made it go on if we had all gathered together and pushed against the sides or against the masts? When a man hopes to sanctify himself by trying, he is like a man trying to make the boat go that carries him by pushing it—he is like a man drowning in the water and trying to save himself by pulling the hair of his own head. It is impossible. Christ held up that mode of sanctification almost to ridicule when He said: "Which of you by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature?" Put down that method forever as being futile.

Another man says: "That is not my way. I have given up that. Trying has its place, but that is not where it comes in. My method is to concentrate on some single sin, and to work away upon that until I have got rid of it." Now, in the first place, life is too short for that process to succeed. Their name is legion. In the second place, that leaves the rest of the nature for a long time untouched. In the third place, it does not touch the seed or root of the disease. If you dam up a stream at one place, it will simply overflow higher up. And for a fourth reason: Religion does not consist in negatives—in stopping this sin and stopping that sin.

Another man says: "Very well; I am not trying to stop sins in succession; but I am trying to copy the character of Christ, bit by bit, point by point, into my life." The difficulty about that method is, that it is mechanical. It makes an overbalanced life; and there is always the mark of the tool about such a life —about such a nature. It is like a

wax-flower as compared with a natural flower.

There is another method. I suppose you have tried it. I have. It is to get a book of blank paper and made columns for the days of the week, and then put down a list of the virtues with spaces against each for marks, and then follow it up with a great many rules, and determine to live by rule. That is how Franklin did; and I suppose that many men in this day could tell how they had hung up in their bedroom, or laid away in their secret drawers, the rules they had drawn up for themselves. Again I appeal to life. You bear me witness that that method failed. And it failed for very matter-of-fact reasons—likely because you forgot the rules. As a matter of fact, that is a false method of sanctification, and, like all the others, must come to nothing.

All these methods that I have named are perfectly human, perfectly natural, perfectly ignorant, and perfectly futile. I do not say we must abandon them; but

they are futile to accomplish the real end that we seek.

Now, what is the true method? There is one method which is as simple and effectual as the others are complicated and useless. It is laid down in a single verse in the Bible; and it is so practical that any man can apply it to his own life, and as certain in its action as a law of Nature. It is a case of cause and effect. The verse I refer to is in II Corinthians; and I take it from the immensely improved text in this instance of the Revised Version—the 18th verse of the 3d chapter of II Corinthians: "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Lord, the Spirit."

Observe: "We *are changed.*" The mistake we have been making is that we have been trying to change ourselves. That is not possible. We *are changed* into the same image. Now, if we are to get the benefit of the relief that these words ought to give to the man who has

been spending half his nights and half his life in a frenzied struggle for holiness without having fulfilled the necessary conditions, let us carefully mark the condition demanded. For that condition being fulfilled, we are infallibly changed into the same image. The condition is that we reflect in a mirror the glory of Christ. That condition I shall refer to in a moment; but one word requires an explanation in passing. "Reflecting in a mirror the glory of the Lord." What is the glory of the Lord? The word "glory" suggests effulgence—radiance. It recalls the halo that the old masters delighted to paint around the heads of their saints and Ecce Homos. But this is all material. What does that halo, that radiance, symbolize? It symbolizes the most radiant and beautiful thing in man, as in the Man Christ Jesus; and that is, character. *Character.* The glory of Christ is in character. I make a challenge. Does any man know anything more glorious in man or in God than character? God's name was His

character—Himself. Do not be misled by the vagueness of that word "glory" in modern usage. We lose the force of it because we do not employ the word in current speech. When it is in your mind, substitute "character" for "glory." "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the character of Christ, are changed into the same image from character to character"—from the character a little better to the character a little better still, the character getting nobler and nobler by slight and imperceptible degrees. Now, read that verse once more with all these meanings brought out: "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the character of the Lord, are changed into the same image from character to character."

How to get the character: Stand in Christ's presence and mirror His character, and you will be changed in spite of yourself, and unknown to yourself, into the same image from character to character. Every man is a reflector. That is the principle upon which this is based.

In your face you reflect your nationality. I ask a man a question, and I find out in ten seconds whether he is a Northerner, or Southerner, or a Canadian, or an Englishman. He has reflected in his very voice his country. I ask him another question, and another, and another, and I see reflections flit over the mirror from all points of the compass. I find out in five minutes that he has a good mother. I see reflected in a mirror that he has been reading Herbert Spencer, and Huxley, and Darwin; and as I go on watching him as he stands and talks to me, his whole life is reflected back from it. I see the kind of set he has been living in—the kind of companions he has had. He cannot help reflecting. He cannot help himself showing the environment in which he has lived—the influences that have played around him. As Tennyson says: "I am a part of all that I have met." Now, we become like those whom we habitually reflect. I could prove from science that that applies even to the physical framework of animals—that they are

influenced and organically changed by the environment in which they live. We all know how every man is influenced by the people and the things that surround him. I remember two fellow-students who lived for eight years together, and by the end of that time they had become so like one another in their methods of thinking, in their opinions, in their ways of looking at things, that they were practically one. When you asked a question it was immaterial to which you addressed it, and when you made a remark you knew exactly the impression it would make on both of them. They had been changed into the same image. There was a savor of Jonathan about David, and a savor of David about Jonathan. You sometimes see husband and wife, after a half century of fellowship, changed entirely into the same image. They have gone on reflecting one another so often—without trying, and perhaps even trying to prevent it—that they have become largely made up of the same qualities and characteristics. That is the grand doctrine of in-

fluence—that we become like those whom we habitually associate with.

What, then, is the practical lesson? It is obvious. *Make Christ your most constant companion.* Be more under His influence than under any other influence. Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—ay, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, will make every thought and feeling different, will enable you to do things for His sake that you would not have done for your own sake, or for any one's sake. And the supreme and the sole secret of a sanctified nature and a Christlike character and life, is to be ever with Christ and reflecting Him—catching His nature, His mind and spirit, insensibly and unconsciously, by mere proximity and contagion.

You say, "How can a man make Christ, the absent Christ, his most constant companion?" Why; friendship is a spiritual thing. Think over it for a moment, and you will find that your friend influences you just about as much

in his absence as when he is with you. Christ might have influenced us more, perhaps, if He had been here, and yet I do not know. It would have been an ineffable experience to have lived at that time—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
How when Jesus was here among men,
He took little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

"I wish that His hand had been laid on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me;
And that I had seen His kind look when He said
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

And yet, if Christ were to come into the world again, few of us probably would ever have a chance of seeing Him. I have never seen my own Queen in our little country of Britain. There are millions of her subjects who have never seen her. And there would be thousands of the subjects of the Lord Jesus who could never get within speaking distance of Him if He came to the world now. We remember He said: "It is ex-

pedient for you (not *for Me*) that I go away;" because by going away He could really be nearer to us than He would have been if He had stayed here. It would have been geographically and physically impossible for most of us to have been influenced by His person had He remained. And so our communion with Him is a spiritual companionship; but not different from most companionships, which when you press them down to the roots, you will find to be essentially spiritual.

All friendship, all love, human and Divine, is spiritual. So that it is no difficulty in reflecting the character of Christ that we have never been in visible contact with Him. He does not appeal to the eye; He appeals to the soul: and is reflected not from the body, but from the soul. The thing you love in a friend is not the thing you see. I knew of a very beautiful character—one of the loveliest which had ever bloomed on this earth. It was the character of a young girl. She always wore about her neck a little locket, but nobody was allowed to open it.

None of her companions ever knew what it contained, until one day she was laid down with a dangerous illness, when one of them was granted permission to look into the locket; and she saw written there: "*Whom having not seen I love.*" That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the same image.

Let me say a word or two about the effects which necessarily must follow from this contact, or fellowship, with Christ—I need not quote the texts upon the subject—the texts about abiding in Christ—"He that abideth in Him sinneth not." You cannot sin when you are standing in front of Christ. You simply cannot do it. "Whosoever committeth sin hath not seen Him, neither known Him." Sin is abashed and disappears in the presence of Christ. Again: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Think of that! That is another inevitable consequence. And there is yet another. "He that abideth

in Me, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Sinlessness—answered prayer—much fruit. But in addition to these things, see how many of the highest Christian virtues and experiences necessarily flow from the assumption of that attitude toward Christ. For instance, the moment you assume that relation to Christ you begin to know what the child-spirit is. You stand before Christ, and He becomes your Teacher, and you instinctively become docile. Then you learn also to become charitable and tolerant; because you are learning of Him, and He is "meek and lowly in heart," and you catch that spirit. That is a bit of His character being reflected into yours. Instead of being critical and self-asserting, you become humble and have the mind of a little child. I think, further, the only way of learning what faith is is to know Christ and be in His company. You hear sermons about the nine different kinds of faith—distinctions drawn between the right kind of faith and the wrong—and sermons telling you how to

get faith. So far as I can see, there is only one way in which faith is got, and it is the same in the religious world as it is in the world of men and women. I learn to trust you, my brother, just as I get to know you, and neither more nor less; and you get to trust me just as you get to know me. I do not trust you as a stranger. But as I come into contact with you, and watch you, and live with you, I find out that you are trustworthy, and I come to trust myself to you, and to lean upon you. But I do not do that to a stranger.

The way to trust Christ is to know Christ. You cannot help trusting Him then. You are changed. By knowing Him faith is begotten in you, as cause and effect. To trust Him without knowing Him as thousands do, is not faith, but credulity. I believe a great deal of prayer for faith is thrown away. What we should pray for is that we may be able to fulfil the condition, and when we have fulfilled the condition, the faith necessarily follows. The way, therefore, to

increase our faith is to increase our intimacy with Christ. We trust Him more and more the better we know Him.

And then another immediate effect of this way of sanctifying the character is the tranquillity that it brings over the Christian life. How disturbed and distressed and anxious Christian people are about their growth in grace! Now, the moment you give that over into Christ's care—the moment you see that you are *being* changed—that anxiety passes away. You see that it must follow by an inevitable process and by a natural law if you fulfil the simple condition; so that peace is the reward of that life and fellowship with Christ. Peace is not a thing that comes down solid, as it were, and is fitted somehow into a man's nature. We have very gross conceptions of peace, joy, and other Christian experiences; but they are all simply effects of causes. We fulfil the condition; we cannot help the experiences following. I have spoken about peace, but how about joy? In the 15th of John you will see when Christ

gave His disciples the Parable of the Vine, He said: "I will tell you why I have told you that parable. It is that your joy might be full." Did you ever notice that? He did not merely throw it into space as a fine illustration. It was not merely a statement of the doctrine of the indwelling Christ. It was that, but it was more. "These words have I spoken unto you," He said, "that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." That is the way to get joy. It is to abide in Christ. Out of this simple relationship we have faith, we have peace, we have joy. Many other things follow. A man's usefulness depends to a large extent upon his fellowship with Christ. That is obvious. Only Christ can influence the world; but all that the world sees of Christ is what it sees of you and me. Christ said: "The world seeth Me no more, but ye see Me." You see Him, and standing in front of Him, reflect Him, and the world sees the reflection. It cannot see Him. So that a Christian's

usefulness depends solely upon that relationship.

Now, I have only pointed out a few of the things that follow from the standing before Christ—from the abiding in Christ. You will find, if you run over the texts about abiding in Christ, many other things will suggest themselves in the same relation. Almost everything in Christian experience and character follows, and follows necessarily, from standing before Christ and reflecting His character. But the supreme consummation is that we are changed into *the same image*, "even as by the Lord the Spirit." That is to say, that in some way, unknown to us, but possibly not more mysterious than the doctrine of personal influence, we are changed into the image of Christ.

This method cannot fail. I am not setting before you an opinion or a theory, but this is a certainly successful means of sanctification. "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting in a mirror the glory of Christ (the character of Christ) assuredly —without any miscarriage—without any

possibility of miscarriage—are changed into the same image." It is an immense thing to be anchored in some great principle like that. Emerson says: "The hero is the man who is immovably centred." Get immovably centred in that doctrine of sanctification. Do not be carried away by the hundred and one theories of sanctification that are floating about in the religious literature of the country at the present time; but go to the bottom of the thing for yourself, and see the *rationale* of it for yourself, and you will come to see that it is a matter of cause and effect, and that if you will fulfil the condition laid down by Christ, the effect must follow by a natural law.

What a prospect! To be changed into the same image. Think of that! That is what we are here for. That is what we are elected for. Not to be saved, in the common acceptation, but "whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." Not merely to be saved, but *to be conformed to the image of His Son.* Conserve

that principle. And as we must spend time in cultivating our earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the fellowship and companionship of Christ. And there is nothing so much worth taking into our lives as a profounder sense of what is to be had by living in communion with Christ, and by getting nearer to Him. It will matter much if we take away with us some of the thoughts about theology, and some of the new light that has been shed upon the text of Scripture; it will matter infinitely more if our fellowship with the Lord Jesus become a little closer, and our theory of holy living a little more rational. And then as we go forth, men will take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus, and as we reflect Him upon them, they will begin to be changed into the same image.

It seems to me the preaching is of infinitely smaller account than the life which mirrors Christ. That is bound to tell; without speech or language—like the

voices of the stars. It throws out its impressions upon every side. The one simple thing we have to do is to be there —in the right relation; to go through life hand in hand with Him; to have Him in the room with us, and keeping us company wherever we go; to depend upon Him and lean upon Him, and so have His life reflected in the fullness of its beauty and perfection into ours.

There was a famous sculptor in Paris who executed a great work. It stands to-day in the Gallerie des Beaux Arts. He was a great genius, and this was his last work; but like many a great genius he was very poor, and lived in a small garret. This garret was his workshop, his studio, and his bedroom. He had this statue almost finished in clay, when one night a frost suddenly fell over Paris. The sculptor lay on his bed, with the statue before him in the centre of the fireless room. As the chill air came down upon him, he saw that if the cold got more intense the water in the interstices of the clay would freeze, and so the old man rose

and heaped the bed-clothes reverently upon the statue. In the morning when his friends came in they found the old sculptor dead; but the image was saved! *That* is the greatest thing about you. Preserve that at any cost—the image into which you are being changed by the unseen Sculptor, who is every moment that you are in His presence working at that holy task. The work of creation is not done. Geology is still toiling to-day at the unfinished earth; and the Spirit of God which brooded upon the waters thousands of years ago, is busy now creating men, within these commonplace lives of ours, in the image of God.

Dealing with Doubt.

THERE is a subject which I think we as workers amongst young men cannot afford to keep out of sight—I mean the subject of "Doubt." We are forced to face that subject. We have no choice. I would rather let it alone; but every day of my life I meet men who doubt, and I am quite sure that most of you have innumerable interviews every year with men who raise skeptical difficulties about religion. Now, it becomes a matter of great practical importance that we should know how to deal wisely with these men. Upon the whole, I think these are the best men in the country. I speak of my own country. I speak of the universities with which I am

familiar, and I say that the men who are perplexed—the men who come to you with serious and honest difficulties—are the best men. They are men of intellectual honesty, and cannot allow themselves to be put to rest by words, or phrases, or traditions, or theologies, but who must get to the bottom of things for themselves. And if I am not mistaken, Christ was very fond of these men. The outsiders always interested Him, and touched Him. The orthodox people—the Pharisees—He was much less interested in. He went with publicans and sinners—with people who were in revolt against the respectability, intellectual and religious, of the day. And following Him, we are entitled to give sympathetic consideration to those whom He loved and took trouble with.

First, let me speak for a moment or two about the origin of doubt. In the first place, we are born questioners. Look at the wonderment of a little child in its eyes before it can speak.

The child's great word when it begins to speak is, "why?" Every child is full of every kind of question, about every kind of thing that moves, and shines, and changes, in the little world in which it lives. That is the incipient doubt in the nature of man. Respect doubt for its origin. It is an inevitable thing. It is not a thing to be crushed. It is a part of man as God made him. Heresy is truth in the making, and doubt is the prelude of knowledge.

Secondly: The world is a Sphinx. It is a vast riddle—an unfathomable mystery; and on every side there is temptation to questioning. In every leaf, in every cell of every leaf, there are a hundred problems. There are ten good years of a man's life in investigating what is in a leaf, and there are five good years more in investigating the things that are in the things that are in the leaf. God has planned the world to incite men to intellectual activity.

Thirdly: The instrument with which we attempt to investigate truth is impaired. Some say it fell, and the glass is broken. Some say prejudice, heredity, or sin, have spoiled its sight, and have blinded our eyes and deadened our ears. In any case the instruments with which we work upon truth, even in the strongest men, are feeble and inadequate to their tremendous task.

And in the fourth place, all religious truths are doubtable. There is no absolute proof for any one of them. Even that fundamental truth—the existence of a God—no man can prove by reason. The ordinary proof for the existence of God involves either an assumption, argument in a circle, or a contradiction. The impression of God is kept up by experience; not by logic. And hence, when the experimental religion of a man, of a community, or of a nation, wanes, religion wanes—their idea of God grows indistinct, and that man, community or nation becomes infidel. Bear in mind, then,

that all religious truths are doubtable—even those which we hold most strongly.

What does this brief account of the origin of doubt teach us? It teaches us great intellectual humility. It teaches us sympathy and toleration with all men who venture upon the ocean of truth to find out a path through it for themselves. Do you sometimes feel yourself thinking unkind things about your fellow-students who have intellectual difficulty? I know how hard it is always to feel sympathy and toleration for them; but we must address ourselves to that most carefully and most religiously. If my brother is short-sighted I must not abuse him or speak against him; I must pity him, and if possible try to improve his sight or to make things that he is to look at so bright that he cannot help seeing. But never let us think evil of men who do not see as we do. From the bottom of our hearts let us pity them, and let us take them by the hand and spend

time and thought over them, and try to lead them to the true light.

What has been the Church's treatment of doubt in the past? It has been very simple. "There is a heretic. Burn him!" That is all. "There is a man who has gone off the road. Bring him back and torture him!" We have got past that physically; have we got past it morally? What does the modern Church say to a man who is skeptical? Not "Burn him!" but "Brand him!" "Brand him!—call him a bad name." And in many countries at the present time, a man who is branded as a heretic is despised, tabooed, and put out of religious society, much more than if he had gone wrong in morals. I think I am speaking within the facts when I say that a man who is unsound is looked upon in many communities with more suspicion and with more pious horror than a man who now and then gets drunk. "Burn him!" "Brand him!" "Excommunicate him!" That has

been the Church's treatment of doubt, and that is perhaps to some extent the treatment which we ourselves are inclined to give to the men who cannot see the truths of Christianity as we see them. Contrast Christ's treatment of doubt. I have spoken already of His strange partiality for the outsiders—for the scattered heretics up and down the country; of the care with which He loved to deal with them, and of the respect in which He held their intellectual difficulties. Christ never failed to distinguish between doubt and unbelief. Doubt is *can't believe;* unbelief is *won't believe.* Doubt is honesty; unbelief is obstinacy. Doubt is looking for light; unbelief is content with darkness. Loving darkness rather than light—that is what Christ attacked, and attacked unsparingly. But for the intellectual questioning of Thomas, and Philip, and Nicodemus, and the many others who came to Him to have their great problems solved, He was respectful and generous and tolerant.

And how did He meet their doubts? The Church, as I have said, says, "Brand him!" Christ said, "Teach him." He destroyed by fulfilling. When Thomas came to Him and denied His very resurrection, and stood before Him waiting for the scathing words and lashing for his unbelief, they never came. They never came. Christ gave him facts—facts. No man can go around facts. Christ said, "Behold My hands and My feet." The great god of science at the present time is a fact. It works with facts. Its cry is, "Give me facts." Found anything you like upon facts and we will believe it. The spirit of Christ was the scientific spirit. He founded His religion upon facts; and He asked all men to found their religion upon facts. Now, gentlemen, get up the facts of Christianity, and take men to the facts. Theologies—and I am not speaking disrespectfully of theology; theology is as scientific a thing as any other science of facts—but theologies

are human versions of Divine truths, and hence the varieties of the versions, and the inconsistences of them. I would allow a man to select whichever version of this truth he liked *afterwards;* but I would ask him to begin with no version, but go back to the facts and base his Christian life upon that. That is the great lesson of the New Testament way of looking at doubt—of Christ's treatment of doubt. It is not "Brand him!"—but lovingly, wisely, and tenderly to teach him. Faith is never opposed to reason in the New Testament; it is opposed to sight. You will find that a principle worth thinking over. *Faith is never opposed to reason in the New Testament, but to sight.*

Well, now; with these principles in mind as to the origin of doubt, and as to Christ's treatment of it, how are we ourselves to deal with our fellow-students who are in intellectual difficulty? In the first place, I think we must make all the concessions to them that

we conscientiously can. When a doubter first encounters you he pours out a deluge of abuse of churches, and ministers, and creeds, and Christians. Nine-tenths of what he says is probably true. Make concessions. Agree with him. It does him good to unburden himself of these things. He has been cherishing them for years—laying them up against Christians, against the Church, and against Christianity; and now he is startled to find the first Christian with whom he has talked over the thing almost entirely agrees with him. We are, of course, not responsible for everything that is said in the name of Christianity; but a man does not give up medicine because there are quack doctors, and no man has a right to give up his Christianity because there are spurious or inconsistent Christians. Then, as I already said, creeds are human versions of Divine truths; and we do not ask a man to accept all the creeds, any more than we ask him to accept all the Christians. We ask him

to accept Christ, and the facts about Christ, and the words of Christ. But you will find the battle is half won when you have endorsed the man's objections, and possibly added a great many more to the charges which he has against ourselves. These men are in revolt against the kind of religion which we exhibit to the world—against the cant that is taught in the name of Christianity. And if the men that have never seen the real thing—if you could show them that, they would receive it as eagerly as you do. They are merely in revolt against the imperfections and inconsistencies of those who represent Christ to the world.

Second: Beg them to set aside, by an act of will, all unsolved problems: such as the problem of the origin of evil, the problem of the Trinity, the problem of the relation of human will and predestination, and so on—problems which have been investigated for thousands of years without result—ask them to set those problems aside as insoluble

in the meantime, just as a man who is studying mathematics may be asked to set aside the problem of squaring the circle. Let him go on with what can be done, and what has been done, and leave out of sight the impossible. You will find that will relieve the skeptic's mind of a great deal of unnecessary cargo that has been in his way.

Thirdly: Talking about difficulties, as a rule, only aggravates them. Entire satisfaction to the intellect is unattainable about any of the greater problems, and if you try to get to the bottom of them by argument, there is no bottom there; and therefore you make the matter worse. But I would say what is known, and what can be honestly and philosophically and scientifically said about one or two of the difficulties that the doubter raises, just to show him that you can do it—to show him that you are not a fool—that you are not merely groping in the dark yourself, but you have found whatever basis is possible. But I would not go around all the doc-

trines. I would simply do that with one or two ; because the moment you cut off one, a hundred other heads will grow in its place. It would be a pity if all these problems could be solved. The joy of the intellectual life would be largely gone. I would not rob a man of his problems, nor would I have another man rob me of my problems. They are the delight of life, and the whole intellectual world would be stale and unprofitable if we knew everything.

Fourthly—and this is the great point: Turn away from the reason, and go into the man's moral life. I don't mean, go into his moral life and see if the man is living in conscious sin, which is the great blinder of the eyes—I am speaking now of honest doubt; but open a new door into the practical side of man's nature. Entreat him not to postpone life and his life's usefulness until he has settled the problems of the universe. Tell him those problems will never all be settled ; that his life will be done be-

fore he has begun to settle them; and ask him what he is doing with his life meantime. Charge him with wasting his life and his usefulness; and invite him to deal with the moral and practical difficulties of the world, and leave the intellectual difficulties as he goes along. To spend time upon these is proving the less important before the more important; and, as the French say, "The good is the enemy of the best." It is a good thing to think; it is a better thing to work—it is a better thing to do good. And you have him there, you see. He can't get beyond that. You have to tell him, in fact, that there are two organs of knowledge: the one reason, the other obedience. And now tell him, as he has tried the first and found the little in it, just for a moment or two to join you in trying the second. And when he asks whom he is to obey, you tell him there is but One, and lead him to the great historical figure who calls all men to Him:

the one perfect life—the one Saviour of mankind—the one Light of the world. Ask him to begin to obey Christ; and, doing His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

That, I think, is about the only thing you can do with a man: to get him into practical contact with the needs of the world, and to let him lose his intellectual difficulties meantime. Don't ask him to give them up altogether. Tell him to solve them afterward one by one if he can, but meantime to give his life to Christ and his time to the kingdom of God. And, you see, you fetch him completely around when you do that. You have taken him away from the false side of his nature, and to the practical and moral side of his nature; and for the first time in his life, perhaps, he puts things in their true place. He puts his nature in the relations in which it ought to be, and he then only begins to live. And by obedience—by obedience—he will

soon become a learner and pupil for himself, and Christ will teach him things, and he will find whatever problems are solvable gradually solved as he goes along the path of practical duty.

Now, let me, in closing, give a couple of instances of how to deal with specific points. The commonest thing that we hear said nowadays by young men is, "What about evolution? How am I to reconcile my religion, or any religion, with the doctrine of evolution?" That upsets more men than perhaps anything else at the present hour. How would you deal with it? I would say to a man that Christianity is the further evolution. I don't know any better definition than that. It is the further evolution—the higher evolution. I don't start with him to attack evolution. I don't start with him to defend it. I destroy by fulfilling it. I take him at his own terms. He says evolution is that which pushes the man on from the simple to the com-

plex, from the lower to the higher. Very well; that is what Christianity does. It pushes the man farther on. It takes him where nature has left him, and carries him on to heights which on the plain of nature he could never reach. That is evolution. "Lead me to the Rock that is higher that I." That is evolution. It is the development of the whole man in the highest directions—the drawing out of his spiritual being. Show an evolutionist that, and you have taken the wind out of his sails. "I came not to destroy." Don't destroy his doctrine—perhaps you can't—but fulfil it. Put a larger meaning into it.

The other instance—the next commonest question perhaps—is the question of miracles. It is impossible, of course, to discuss that now—miracles; but that question is thrown at my head every second day: "What do you say to a man when he says to you, 'Why do you believe in miracles?'" I say, "Because I have seen

them." He says, "When?" I say, 'Yesterday." He says, "Where?" "Down such-and-such a street I saw a man who was a drunkard redeemed by the power of an unseen Christ and saved from sin. That is a miracle." The best apologetic for Christianity is a Christian. That is a fact which the man cannot get over. There are fifty other arguments for miracles, but none so good as that you have seen them. Perhaps you are one yourself. But take you a man and show him a miracle with his own eyes. Then he will believe.

PREPARATION FOR LEARNING.

BEFORE an artist can do anything the instrument must be tuned. ... Our astronomers at this moment ... are preparing for an event which happens only once or twice in a lifetime: the total eclipse of the sun in the month of August. They have begun already. They are making preparations. At chosen stations in different parts of the world they are spending all the skill that science can suggest upon the construction of their instruments; and up to the last moment they will be busy adjusting them; and the last day will be the busiest of all, because then they must have the glasses and the mirrors polished to

the last degree. They have to have the lenses in place and focussed upon this spot before the event itself takes place.

Everything will depend upon the instruments which you bring to this experiment. Everything will depend upon it; and therefore fifteen minutes will not be lost if we each put our instrument into the best working order we can. I have spoken of lenses, and that reminds me that the instrument which we bring to bear upon truth is a compound thing. It consists of many parts. Truth is not a product of the intellect alone; it is a product of the whole nature. The body is engaged in it, and the mind, and the soul.

The body is engaged in it. Of course, a man who has his body run down, or who is dyspeptic, or melancholy, sees everything black, and distorted, and untrue. But I am not going to dwell upon that. Most of you seem in pretty fair working order so far as your bodies are concerned; only it is well to remember that we are to give our bodies a liv-

ing sacrifice—not a half-dead sacrifice, as some people seem to imagine. There is no virtue in emaciation. I don't know if you have any tendency in that direction in America, but certainly we are in danger of dropping into it now and then in England, and it is just as well to bear in mind our part of the lens—a very compound and delicate lens—with which we have to take in truth.

Then comes a very important part: the intellect—which is one of the most useful servants of truth; and I need not tell you as students, that the intellect will have a great deal to do with your reception of truth. I was told that it was said at these conferences last year, that a man must crucify his intellect. I venture to contradict the gentleman who made that statement. I am quite sure no such statement could ever have been made in your hearing—that we were to crucify our intellects. We can make no progress without the full use of all the intellectual powers that God has endowed us with.

But more important than either of these is the moral nature—the moral and spiritual nature. Some of you remember a sermon of Robertson of Brighton, entitled "Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge." A very startling title!—"Obedience the Organ of Spiritual Knowledge." The Pharisees asked about Christ: "How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?" How knoweth this man, never having learned? The organ of knowledge is not nearly so much mind, as the organ that Christ used, namely, obedience; and that was the organ which He Himself insisted upon when He said: "He that willeth to do His will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." You have all noticed, of course, that the words in the original are: "If any man will to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." It doesn't read, "If any do His will," which no man can do perfectly; but if any man be simply willing to do His will—if he has an absolutely undivided mind about it—that man will know

what truth is and know what falsehood is; a stranger will he not follow. And that is by far the best source of spiritual knowledge on every account—obedience to God—absolute sincerity and loyalty in following Christ. "If any man do His will he shall know"—a very remarkable association of knowledge, a thing which is usually considered quite intellectual with obedience, which is moral and spiritual.

But even although we use all these three different parts of the instrument, we have not at all got at the complete method of learning. There is a little preliminary that the astronomer has to do before he can make his observation. He has to take the cap off his telescope. Many a man thinks he is looking at truth when he is only looking at the cap. Many a time I have looked down my microscope and thought I was looking at the diatom for which I had long been searching, and found I had simply been looking at a speck of dust upon the lens itself. Many a man thinks

he is looking at truth when he is only looking at the spectacles he has put on to see it with. He is looking at his own spectacles. Now, the common spectacles that a man puts on—I suppose the creed in which he has been brought up—if a man looks at that, let him remember that he is not looking at truth: he is looking at his own spectacles. There is no more important lesson that we have to carry with us than that truth is not to be found in what I have been taught. That is not truth. Truth is not what I have been taught. If it were so, that would apply to the Mormon, it would apply to the Brahmin, it would apply to the Buddhist. Truth would be to everybody just what he had been taught. Therefore let us dismiss from our minds the predisposition to regard that which we have been brought up in as being necessarily the truth. I must say it is very hard to shake oneself free altogether from that. I suppose it is impossible.

But you see the reasonableness of giving up that as your view of truth

when you come to apply it all around. If that were the definition of truth, truth would be just what one's parents were—it would be a thing of hereditary transmission, and not a thing absolute in itself. Now, let me venture to ask you to take that cap off. Take that cap off now, and make up your minds you are going to look at truth naked—in its reality as it is, not as it is reflected through other minds, or through any theology, however venerable.

Then, there is one thing I think we must be careful about, and that is besides having the cap off, and having all the lenses clean and in position—to have the instrument rightly focussed. Everything may be right, and yet when you go and look at the object, you see things altogether falsely. You see things not only blurred, but you see things out of proportion. And there is nothing more important we have to bear in mind in running our eye over successive theological truths, or religious truths, than that there is a proportion in those truths,

and that we must see them in their proportion, or we see them falsely. A man may take a dollar or a half-dollar and hold it to his eye so closely that he will hide the sun from him. Or he may so focus his telescope that a fly or a boulder may be as large as a mountain. A man may hold a certain doctrine, very intensely—a doctrine which has been looming upon his horizon for the last six months, let us say, and which has thrown everything else out of proportion, it has become so big itself. Now, let us beware of distortion in the arrangement of the religious truths which we hold. It is almost impossible to get things in their true proportion and symmetry, but this is the thing we must be constantly aiming at. We are told in the Bible to "add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge balance," as the word literally means—*balance*. It is a word taken from the orchestra, where all the parts—the sopranos, the basses, the altos, and the tenors, and all the rest of them—must be regulated.

If you have too much of the bass, or too much of the soprano, there is want of harmony. That is what I mean by the want of proper focus—by the want of proper balance—in the truths which we all hold. It will never do to exaggerate one truth at the expense of another, and a truth may be turned into a falsehood very, very easily, by simply being either too much enlarged or too much diminished. I once heard of some blind men who were taken to see a menagerie. They had gone around the animals, and four of them were allowed to touch an elephant as they went past. They were discussing afterward what kind of a creature the elephant was. One man, who had touched its tale, said the elephant was like a rope. Another of the blind men, who had touched his hind limb, said, "No such thing! the elephant is like the trunk of a tree." Another, who had felt its sides, said, "That is all rubbish. An elephant is a thing like a wall." And the fourth, who had felt its ear, said that an elephant was

like none of those things; it was like a leather bag. Now, men look at truth at different bits of it, and they see different things of course, and they are very apt to imagine that the thing which they have seen is the whole affair—the whole thing. In reality, we can only see a very little bit at a time; and we must, I think, learn to believe that other men can see bits of truth as well as ourselves. Your views are just what you see with your own eyes; and my views are just what I see; and what I see depends on just where I stand, and what you see depends on just where you stand; and truth is very much bigger than an elephant, and we are very much blinder than any of those blind men as we come to look at it.

Christ has made us aware that it is quite possible for a man to have ears and hear nothing, and to have eyes and see not. One of the disciples saw a great deal of Christ, and he never knew Him. "Have I been so long time with you, Philip, and yet hast thou not known Me?" "He that hath seen Me hath

seen the Father also." Philip had never seen Him. He had been looking at his own spectacles, perhaps, or at something else, and had never seen Him. If the instrument had been in order, he would have seen Christ. And I would just add this one thing more: the test of value of the different verities of truth depends upon one thing: whether they have or have not a sanctifying power. That is another remarkable association in the mind of Christ—of sanctification with truth—thinking and holiness—not to be found in any of the sciences or in any of the philosophies. It is peculiar to the Bible. Christ said "Sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy Word is truth." Now, the value of any question—the value of any theological question—depends upon whether it has a sanctifying influence. If it has not, don't bother about it. Don't let it disturb your minds until you have exhausted all truths that have sanctification within them. If a truth makes a man a better man, then let him focus his instrument upon it and get all

the acquaintance with it he can. If it is the profane babbling of science, falsely so called, or anything that has an injurious effect upon the moral and spiritual nature of a man, it is better let alone. And above all, let us remember to hold the truth in love. That is the most sanctifying influence of all. And if we can carry away the mere lessons of toleration, and leave behind us our censoriousness, and criticalness, and harsh judgments upon one another, and excommunicating of everybody except those who think exactly as we do, the time we shall spend here will not be the least useful parts of our lives.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

I WILL give a note or two, pretty much by way of refreshing the memory about the Bible and how to look at it.

First: *The Bible came out of religion, not religion out of the Bible.* The Bible is a product of religion, not a cause of it. The war literature of America which culminated, I suppose, in the publication of President Grant's life, came out of the war; the war did not come out of the literature. And so in the distant past, there flowed among the nations of heathendom a small, warm stream, like the Gulf Stream in the cold Atlantic—a small stream of religion; and now and

then at intervals, men, carried along by this stream, uttered themselves in words. The historical books came out of facts; the devotional books came out of experiences; the letters came out of circumstances; and the Gospels came out of all three. That is where the Bible came from. It came out of religion; religion did not come out of the Bible. You see the difference. The religion is not, then, in the writing alone; but in those facts, experiences, circumstances, in the history and development of a people led and taught by God. And it is not the words that are inspired, so much as the men.

Secondly: *These men were authors; they were not pens.* Their individuality comes out on every page they wrote. They were different in mental and literary style; in insight; and even the same writer differs at different times. II Thessalonians, for example, is considerably beneath the level of Romans, and III John is beneath the level of I John. A man is not always at his best. These

writers did not know they were writing a Bible.

Third: *The Bible is not a book; it is a library.* It consists of sixty-six books. It is a great convenience, but in some respects a great misfortune, that these books have always been bound up together and given out as one book to the world, when they are not; because that has led to endless mistakes in theology and in practical life.

Fourth: These books, which make up this library, written at intervals of hundreds of years, were collected after the last of the writers was dead—long after—by human hands. Where were the books? Take the New Testament. There were four lives of Christ. One was in Rome; one was in Southern Italy; one was in Palestine; one in Asia Minor. There were twenty-one letters. Five were in Greece and Macedonia; five in Asia; one in Rome. The rest were in the pockets of private individuals. Theophilus had Acts. They were collected undesignedly. For example, the letter

to the Galatians was written to the Church in Galatia. Somebody would make a copy or two, and put it into the hands of the members of the different churches, and they would find their way not only to the churches in Galatia, but after an interval to nearly all the churches. In those days the Christians scattered up and down through the world, exchanged copies of those letters, very much as geologists up and down the world exchange specimens of minerals at the present time, or entomologists exchange specimens of butterflies. And after a long time a number of the books began to be pretty well known. In the third century the New Testament consisted of the following books: The four Gospels, Acts, thirteen letters of Paul, I John, I Peter; and in addition, the Epistles of Barnabas and Hermas. This was not called the New Testament, but the Christian Library. Then these last books were discarded. They ceased to be regarded as upon the same level as the others. In the fourth century the canon

was closed—that is to say, a list was made up of the books which were to be regarded as canonical. And then long after that they were stitched together and made up into one book—hundreds of years after that. Who made up the complete list? It was never formally made up. The bishops of the different churches would draw up a list each of the books that they thought ought to be put into this Testament. The churches also would give their opinion. Sometimes councils would meet and talk it over—discuss it. Scholars like Jerome would investigate the authenticity of the different documents, and there came to be a general consensus of the churches on the matter. But no formal closing of the canon was ever attempted.

And lastly: All religions have their sacred books, just as the Christians have theirs. Why is it necessary to remind ourselves of that? If you ask a man why he believes such and such a thing, he will tell you, because it is in the Bible. If you ask him, "How do you know the Bible is

true?" he will probably reply, "Because it says so." Now, let that man remember that the sacred books of all the other religions make the same claim; and while it is quite enough among ourselves to talk about a thing being true because it is in the Bible, we come in contact with outsiders, and have to meet the skepticism of the day. We must go far deeper than that. The religious books of the other religions claim to be far more Divine in their origin than do ours. For example, the Mohammedans claim for the Koran—a large section of them, at least—that it was uncreated, and that it lay before the throne of God from the beginning of time. They claim it was put into the hands of the angel Gabriel, who brought it down to Mahomet, and dictated it to him, and allowed him at long intervals to have a look at the original book itself—bound with silk and studded with precious stones. That is a claim of much higher Divinity than we claim for our book; and if we simply have to rely upon the Bible's testimony to its

own verity, it is for the same reason the Mohammedan would have you believe his book, and the Hindu would have you put your trust in the Védas. That is why thorough Bible study is of such importance. We can get to the bottom of truth in itself, and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us.

Now may I give you before I stop, just a couple of examples of how the Bible came out of religion, and not religion out of the Bible? Take one of the letters. Just see how it came out of the circumstances of the time. The first of the letters that was written will do very well as an example. It is the 1st Epistle to the Thessalonians. In the year 52 Paul went to Europe. He spent three Sundays in Thessalonica, created a great disturbance by his preaching, and a riot sprang up, and his life was in danger. He was smuggled out of the city at night—not, however, before having founded a small church. He was unable to go back to Thessalonica, although he tried it two or three times; but he wrote a letter. That

is the first letter to the Thessalonians. You see how it sprang out of the circumstances of the time. Take a second example. Let us take one of the lives of Christ. Suppose you take the life recorded by Mark. Now, from internal evidences you can make out quite clearly how it was written, by whom it was written, and to whom it was written. You understand at once it was written to a Roman public. If I were writing a letter to a red Indian I would make it very different from a letter I would write to a European. Now, Mark puts in a number of points which he would not if he had been writing to Greeks. For example, Mark almost never quotes prophecy. The Romans did not know anything about prophecy. Then, he gives little explanations of Jewish customs. When I was writing home I had to give some little explanations of American customs—for example, Commencement Day. When Mark writes to Rome about things happening farther East, he gives elaborate explanations. Again, Mark is fond

of Latin words—writing to the Latins, who could understand them. He talks about "centurion," "prætorium," and others. Then, he always turns Jewish money into Roman money, just as I should say a book, if I were writing to Europe about it, costs two shillings, instead of fifty cents. Mark, for example, says, "two mites, which make a codrantes." He refers to the coins which the Romans knew. In these ways we find out that the Bible came out of the circumstances and the places and the times in which it was written. Then if we will we can learn where Mark got his information, to a large extent. It is an extremely interesting study. I should like to refer you to Godet's "New Testament Studies," where you will get this worked out. Let me just indicate to you how these sources of information are arrived at—the principal sources of information. There are a number of graphic touches in the book which indicate an eye-witness. Mark himself could not have been the eye-witness; and yet there are a number

of graphic touches which show that he got his account from an eye-witness. You will find them, for example, in Mark iv. 38 ; x. 50; vi. 31; vii 34. You will find also graphic touches indicating an ear-witness—as if the voice lingered in the mind of the writer. For example, the retention of Aramaic in v. 41; and in vii. 34—"*Talitha cumi;* Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." He retained the Aramaic words Christ said, as I would say in Scotland, "My wee lassie, rise up." The very words lingered in his ear, and he put them in in the original. Then there are occasional phrases indicating the moral impression produced—v. 15 ; x. 24; x. 32. Now, Mark himself was not either the eye-witness or ear-witness. There is internal evidence that he got his information from Peter. We know very well that Mark was an intimate friend of Peter's. When Peter came to Mark's house in Jerusalem, after he got out of prison, the very servant knew his voice, so that he must have been well known in the house. Therefore he was a friend of

Mark's. The coloring and notes seem to be derived from Peter. There is a sense of wonder and admiration which you find all through the book, very like Peter's way of looking at things—i. 27; i. 33; i. 45; ii. 12; v. 42; and a great many others. But, still more interesting, Mark quotes the words, "Get thee behind Me, Satan," which were said to Peter's shame, but he omits the preceding words said to his honor—"Thou art Peter. On this rock," and so on. Peter had learned to be humble when he was telling Mark about it. Compare Mark viii. 27-33, with Matthew's account—xvi. 13-23. Mark also omits the fine achievement of Peter—walking on the lake. When Peter was talking to Mark he never said anything about it. Compare vi. 50 with Matthew's account—xiv. 28. And Mark alone records the two warnings given to Peter by the two cock-crowings, making his fall the more inexcusable. See Mark xiv. 30; also the 68th verse and the 72d. Peter did not write the book; we know that, because Peter's style is entirely

different. None of the four Gospels have the names of the writers attached to them. We have had to find all these things out; but Mark's Gospel is obviously made up of notes from Peter's evangelistic addresses.

So we see from these simple examples how human a book the Bible is, and how the Divinity in it has worked through human means. The Bible, in fact, has come out of religion; not religion out of the Bible.

"FIRST!"

SHORTLY after noon, one Sunday lately, it was evident to dwellers in the City of Glasgow that some event of importance was to take place in connection with the Boys' Brigade.

Boy after boy, wearing the now familiar uniform of cap, belt, and haversack, was seen making his way to the private parade, where his Company was to fall in, preparatory to marching to the City Hall to take part in the Eastern District Church Parade.

No sooner were the doors opened than the Companies commenced to enter, and were marched in file to their respective seats. At 2.10 every Company had arrived, and the scene as viewed from

the platform was now a most impressive one, the entire area of the hall being filled by the boys, some fourteen hundred strong, who looked soldiers every inch as they sat in their smart uniform.

The galleries were crowded with an interested audience, and the platform was also filled, principally by a large choir. Five minutes before the hour the organist took his seat at the organ for the opening voluntary, and on the first note being touched, the hum of the voices was instantly hushed, and on a signal being given every cap was at once removed.

Punctually at 2.30 Professor Drummond stepped on to the platform, accompanied by several members of the Battalion Executive Committee.

Every boy was attention when Professor Drummond gave out the Hundredth Psalm; and heartily as one has often heard the familiar words sung, it is questionable if ever it was rendered with greater effect.

The rustle of leaves which followed

when the sixth chapter of Matthew was given out, indicated that the order for every boy to bring his Bible had not been overlooked. The hymn, "Jesus shall reign," was then sung with heartiness. When seats had been resumed the Professor raised his hand, and immediately every head was bowed, and the silence was most impressive, as the prayer was offered. The next hymn, "Soldiers of Christ, arise!" being an evident favorite, was rendered with great vigor.

Professor Drummond then said: "The 47th Glasgow Company will stand." Instantly a large Company in front rose. "The 11th Glasgow Company will also stand," and a Company near the back of the hall rose. These Companies were asked to turn to the chapter that had been read, the sixth of Matthew, and to read in unison the verse before the end: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.*" The Companies were told to sit down, and Professor

Drummond proceeded with his address as follows:—

I have three heads to give you. The first is "Geography," the second is "Arithmetic," and the third is "Grammar."

First. Geography tells us where to find places. Where is the Kingdom of God? It is said that when a Prussian officer was killed in the Franco-Prussian war, a map of France was very often found in his pocket. When we wish to occupy a country, we ought to know its geography. Now, *where* is the Kingdom of God? A boy over there says, "It is in heaven." No; it is not in heaven. Another boy says, "It is in the Bible." No; it is not in the Bible. Another boy says, "It must be in the Church." No; it is not in the Church. Heaven is only the *Capital* of the Kingdom of God; the Bible is the guide-book to it; the Church is the weekly parade of those who belong to it. If you would turn to the seventeenth chapter of Luke you

will find out where the Kingdom of God really is. "The Kingdom of God is within you"—within *you*. The Kingdom of God is *inside people*.

I remember once taking a walk by the river near where the Falls of Niagara are, and I noticed a remarkable figure walking along the river bank. I had been some time in America. I had seen black men, and red men, and yellow men, and white men: black men, the Negroes; red men, the Indians; yellow men, the Chinese; white men, the Americans. But this man looked quite different in his dress from anything I had ever seen. When he came a little closer, I saw he was wearing a kilt; when he came a little nearer still, I saw that he was dressed exactly like a Highland soldier. When he came quite near, I said to him, "What are you doing here?" "Why should I not be here?" he said. "Don't you know this is British soil? When you cross the river you come into Canada." This soldier was thousands of miles from England, and yet he was in the Kingdom

of England. Wherever there is an English heart beating loyal to the Queen of Britain, there is England. Wherever there is a boy whose heart is loyal to the King of the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of God is within him.

What is the Kingdom of God? Every Kingdom has its exports, its products. Go down to the river here, and you will find ships coming in with cotton; you know they come from America. You will find ships with tea; you know they are from China. Ships with wool; you know they come from Australia. Ships with sugar; you know they come from Java. What comes from the Kingdom of God? Again we must refer to our Guide-book. Turn to Romans, and we shall find what the Kingdom of God is. I will read it: "The Kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy"—three things. "The Kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy." Righteousness, of course, is just doing what is right. Any boy who does what is right has the Kingdom of God within him. Any boy who, in-

stead of being quarrelsome, lives at peace with the other boys, has the Kingdom of God within him. Any boy whose heart is filled with joy because he does what is right, has the Kingdom of God within him. The Kingdom of God is not going to religious meetings, and hearing strange religious experiences: the Kingdom of God is doing what is right—living at peace with all men, being filled with joy in the Holy Ghost.

Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and the beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime, be a Christian as a boy. Live a boy's life. Do the straight thing; seek the Kingdom of righteousness and honor and truth. Keep

the peace with the boys about you, and be filled with the joy of being a loyal, and simple, and natural, and boy-like servant of Christ.

You can very easily tell a house, or a workshop, or an office where the Kingdom of God is *not*. The first thing you see in that place is that the "straight thing" is not always done. Customers do not get fair play. You are in danger of learning to cheat and to lie. Better, a thousand times, to starve than to stay in a place where you cannot do what is right.

Or, when you go into your workshop, you find everybody sulky, touchy, and ill-tempered, everybody at daggers-drawn with everybody else, some of the men not on speaking terms with some of the others, and the whole *feel* of the place miserable and unhappy. The Kingdom of God is not there, for *it* is peace. It is the Kingdom of the Devil that is anger, and wrath and malice.

If you want to get the Kingdom of God into your workshop, or into your

home, let the quarrelling be stopped. Live in peace and harmony and brotherliness with everyone. For the Kingdom of God is a kingdom of brothers. It is a great Society, founded by Jesus Christ, of all the people who try to live like Him, and to make the world better and sweeter and happier. Wherever a boy is trying to do that, in the house or in the street, in the workshop or on the baseball field, there is the Kingdom of God. And every boy, however small or obscure or poor, who is seeking that, is a member of it. You see now, I hope, what the Kingdom is.

I pass therefore, to the second head; What was it? "Arithmetic." Are there any arithmetic words in this text? "Added," says one Boy. Quite right, *added*. What other arithmetic words? "First." Yes, *first*—"first," "added." Now, don't you think you could not have anything better to seek "first" than the things I have named—to do what is right, to live at peace, and be

always making those about you happy? You see at once why Christ tells us to seek these things first—because they are the best worth seeking. Do you know anything better than these three things, anything happier, purer, nobler? If you do, seek them first. But if you do not, seek first the Kingdom of God. I am not here this afternoon to tell you to be religious. You know that. I am not here to tell you to seek the Kingdom of God. I have come to tell you to seek the Kingdom of God *first*. *First*. Not many people do that. They put a little religion into their life—once a week, perhaps. They might just as well let it alone. It is not worth seeking the Kingdom of God unless we seek it *first*. Suppose you take the helm out of a ship and hang it over the bow, and send that ship to sea, will it ever reach the other side? Certainly not. It will drift about anyhow. Keep religion in its place, and it will take you straight through life and straight to your Father in heaven when life is over. But if you

do not put it in its place, you may just as well have nothing to do with it. Religion out of its place in a human life is the most miserable thing in the world. There is nothing that requires so much to be kept in its place as religion, and its place is what? second? third? "First." Boys, carry that home with you to-day—*first* the Kingdom of God. Make it so that it will be natural to you to think about that the very first thing.

There was a boy in Glasgow apprenticed to a gentleman who made telegraphs. The gentleman told me this himself. One day this boy was up on the top of a four-story house with a number of men fixing up a telegraph-wire. The work was all but done. It was getting late, and the men said they were going away home, and the boy was to nip off the ends of the wire himself. Before going down they told him to be sure to go back to the workshop, when he was finished, with his master's tools. "Do not leave any of them lying about, whatever you do," said the

foreman. The boy climbed up the pole and began to nip off the ends of the wire. It was a very cold winter night, and the dusk was gathering. He lost his hold and fell upon the slates, slid down, and then over and over to the ground below. A clothes-rope stretched across the "green" on to which he was just about to fall, caught him on the chest and broke his fall; but the shock was terrible, and he lay unconscious among some clothes upon the green. An old woman came out; seeing her rope broken and the clothes all soiled, thought the boy was drunk, shook him, scolded him, and went for the policeman. And the boy with the shaking came back to consciousness, rubbed his eyes, and got upon his feet. What do you think he did? He staggered, half blind, away up the stairs. He climbed the ladder. He got on to the roof of the house. He gathered up his tools, put them into his basket, took them down, and when he got to the ground again fainted dead away. Just then the police-

man came, saw there was something seriously wrong, and carried him away to the hospital, where he lay for some time. I am glad to say he got better. What was his first thought at that terrible moment? His duty. He was not thinking of himself; he was thinking about his master. First, the Kingdom of God.

But there is another arithmetic word. What is it? "Added." There is not one boy here who does not know the difference between *addition* and *subtraction.* Now, that is a very important difference in religion, because—and it is a very strange thing—very few people know the difference when they begin to talk about religion. They often tell boys that if they seek the Kingdom of God, everything else is going to be *subtracted* from them. They tell them that they are going to become gloomy, miserable, and will lose everything that makes a boy's life worth living—that they will have to stop baseball and story-books, and become little old men, and

spend all their time in going to meetings and in singing hymns. Now, that is not true. Christ never said anything like that. Christ says we are to "Seek first the Kingdom of God," and everything else worth having is to be *added* unto us. If there is anything I would like you to take away this afternoon, it is these two arithmetic words—"first" and "added." I do not mean by added that if you become religious you are all going to become rich. Here is a boy, who, in sweeping out the shop to-morrow, finds sixpence lying among the orange boxes. Well, nobody has missed it. He puts it in his pocket, and it begins to burn a hole there. By breakfast time he wishes that sixpence were in his master's pocket. And by-and-by he goes to his master. He says (to *himself*, and not to his master), "I was at the Boys' Brigade yesterday, and I was told to seek *first* that which was right." Then he says to his master, "Please, sir, here is sixpence that I found upon the floor." The master puts it in the "till." What

has the boy got in his pocket? Nothing; *but he has got the Kingdom of God in his heart.* He has laid up treasure in heaven, which is of infinitely more worth than sixpence. Now, that boy does not find a shilling on his way home. I have known that happen, but that is not what is meant by "adding." It does not mean that God is going to pay him in his own coin, for He pays in better coin.

Yet I remember once hearing of a boy who was paid in both ways. He was very, very poor. He lived in a foreign country, and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business, and she took his coat and cut it open and sewed between the lining and the coat forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert; and as he was going out of the door she said: "My boy, I have only two words for you—'Fear God, and never tell a lie.'" The boy

started off, and towards evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust; it came nearer; presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him, and said: "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said: "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said: "The boy is a fool," and wheeled his horse and rode away back. By-and-by the robber captain came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He

looked the boy in the face, and said: "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said: "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said: "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said: "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for my God and for my mother, and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us." And it all happened. By seeking first the Kingdom of God, all these things were added unto him.

Boys, banish forever from your minds the idea that religion is *subtraction.* It does not tell us to give things up,

but rather gives us something so much better that they give themselves up. When you see a boy on the street whipping a top, you know, perhaps, that you could not make that boy happier than by giving him a top, a whip, and half an hour to whip it. But next birthday, when he looks back, he says, "What a goose I was last year to be delighted with a top; what I want now is a baseball bat." Then when he becomes an old man, he does not care in the least for a baseball bat, he wants rest, and a snug fireside and a newspaper every day. He wonders how he could ever have taken up his thoughts with baseball bats and whipping-tops. Now, when a boy becomes a Christian, he grows out of the evil things one by one —that is to say, if they are really evil— which he used to set his heart upon (of course I do not mean baseball bats, for they are not evils); and so instead of telling people to give up things, we are safer to tell them to "Seek first the Kingdom of God," and then they will

get new things and better things, and the old things will drop off of themselves. This is what is meant by the "new heart." It means that God puts into us new thoughts and new wishes, and we become quite different boys.

Lastly, and very shortly. What was the third head? "Grammar." "Right, Grammar." Now, I require a clever boy to answer the next question. What is the verb? "Seek." Very good: "seek." What mood is it in? "Imperative mood." What does that mean? "Command." You boys of the Boys' Brigade know what commands are. What is the soldier's first lesson? "Obedience." Have you obeyed this command? Remember the imperative mood of these words. "*Seek* first the Kingdom of God." This is the command of your King. It *must* be done. I have been trying to show you what a splendid thing it is; what a reasonable thing it is; what a happy thing it is; but beyond all these reasons, it is a thing

that *must* be done, because we are *commanded* to do it by our Captain. It is one of the finest things about the Boys' Brigade that it always appeals to Christ as its highest Officer, and takes its commands from Him. Now, there is His command to seek *first* the Kingdom of God. Have you done it? "Well," I know some boys will say, "We are going to have a good time, enjoy life, and then we are going to seek—*last*—the Kingdom of God." Now, that is mean; it is nothing else than mean for a boy to take all the good gifts that God has given him, and then give Him nothing back in return but his wasted life.

God wants boys' *lives*, not only their souls. It is for active service soldiers are drilled, and trained, and fed, and armed. That is why you and I are in the world at all—not to prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve God actively in it *now*. It is monstrous, and shameful, and cowardly to talk of seeking the Kingdom *last*. It is shirking duty, abandoning one's rightful post, playing

into the enemy's hand by doing nothing to turn his flank. Every hour a Kingdom is coming in your heart, in your home, in the world near you, be it a Kingdom of Darkness or a Kingdom of Light. You are placed where you are, in a particular business, in a particular street, to help on there the Kingdom of God. You cannot do that when you are old and ready to die. By that time your companions will have fought their fight, and lost or won. If they lose, will you not be sorry that you did not help them? Will you not regret that only at the last you helped the Kingdom of God? Perhaps you will not be able to do it then. And then your life has been lost indeed.

Very few people have the opportunity to seek the Kingdom of God at the end. Christ, knowing all that, knowing that religion was a thing for our life, not merely for our deathbed, has laid this command upon us now: "Seek *first* the Kingdom of God." I am going to leave you with this text itself. Every

Brigade boy in the world should obey it.

Boys, before you go to work to-morrow, before you go to sleep to-night, before you go to the Sunday-school this afternoon, before you go out of the door of the City Hall, resolve that, God helping you, you are going to seek *first* the Kingdom of God. Perhaps some boys here are deserters; they began once before to serve Christ, and they deserted. Come back again, come back again to-day. Others have never enlisted at all. Will you not do it now? You are old enough to decide. And the grandest moment of a boy's life is that moment when he decides to "*seek first the Kingdom of God.*"

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